

Never Let Go

by Kari

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I thrive off reviews! ;-)

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When the sun sets on this place called heaven, I think of only you. Every evening--or what is the illusion of evening in this place--I lean over the railing of this ship, staring at the ocean and seeing your eyes reflect in its brilliant surface.

And the skies in this place are so beautiful, Rose. If only you could witness this beauty with me. But I know that one day you will--after you've fulfilled your promise.

It's a perfect place, Rose. There is no discrimination; no coldness; no fear. Well, it's almost perfect. Nothing could ever fill the emptiness in my heart when I think of your absence.

Or those nights that I come to you in your sleep. Most of those nights are restless. I know that it's me you're thinking of, and the night that I left your side. I can see your cheeks flushed crimson and the sweat beading on your brow. You moan, turning over in your sleep, and you softly cry out my name.

These are the nights that I cry with you, my beautiful, beloved Rose. It hurts deeply to know that I'm the source of your pain and yet I can do nothing to comfort you.

But I try--reaching out to wipe the dampness from your feverish skin.

I gently smooth a silky curl from your forehead. Ahh, those delicious, red curls. How I long to be with you in the flesh; to physically touch you--skin to skin.

I sigh sadly as I caress your cheek. "Never let go," I whisper, reminding you of the promise you made on that dreadful night.

Suddenly, you seem to calm. You have stopped turning, and your breathing has calmed. I think I see a smile on your lips as you whisper, "I love you, Jack," in your sleep.

I smile back, tears brimming my eyes. I squeeze your hand tightly. "I love you, Rose," I whisper, telling you those words that I should have told you while I had the chance--the words that had died with my last breath.

Before I return quietly to my ship in the sky, I lean over and kiss you softly, and remind you one more time, "Never let go."

And you never did let go. In the end--or is it the beginning?--you kept your promise. And for that, my sweet Rose, I love you all the more.

I contemplate this as I now stand at the top of the grand staircase where the clock is just striking 2:20.

It's now time. You should be arriving any moment, and I want to be ready. We have eighty-five years to make up, and an eternity in which to do it.

End  
file.